

To the
MEMMORY
 Of the
QUEEN

A PINDARIQUE ODE.



(1)

NO Man hath hitherto her fitly prais'd,
 Or hath her everlasting Name, in equal Numbers rais'd,
 It seems Great *Brittain*, at her Death doth sit amaz'd,
 As, never having seen,
 And never having lost a Native Queen;
 A Queen whose Life, did both Example give,
 How Kings should Reign, and how Mankind should Live.

(2)

Who even endued, with all the towering flights of Wit,
 Can for so vast a Theme be fit?
 And to succeeding Times, the greatness of her Worth transmit?
 Her Worth, which all th'Ingenious World must confels
 T' have been of Nobler Strain, than well thought Poem can express,

(2)

'T have been as far above the Charming ~~praise~~ of Verse,
As splendid Majesty transcends her mournful Herse.

(3)

What ~~unhappy~~ ~~man~~ ~~who~~ ~~has~~ ~~wealth~~ ~~enough~~ ~~to~~ ~~bring~~,
Sufficient Tribute to his King?

Whole and United Lands can only give,
Fit Presents for their Princes to receive;
Do homage all her Kingdoms, and express your wo,
If you had not been Slaves long ago
Your Eyes, or might or should have weep'd so.

(4)

Thou Great and Warlike *Genius* of this Isle,
Be pleas'd to disown thy self a while,
And meek like her, stand sadly by the Funerall Pyl
Thy Foresight cannot apprehend,
That thy proud Foe dare thee offend,
While thou does solemnize
Perform so just an Act of Pietie;
And hoarslie Trumpets out her Obsequie.
And what ambitious Enemy,
Can after such a Loss, thy mourning Lands envy.

(5)

'Tis just thou likewayes now should sympathize,
With him who boldly cross'd the Seas,
And rous'd thee from thy soft unmanly ease,
And fitly arm'd thee with his Skillful daring Hand,
That thou might'st *Thine* and *Europes* Enemies withstand;
That thou might'st the Mistakes of former Kings retrieve,
And all the splendid Glories of thy mighty Name revive.

(6)

Since *Aborigines* in thy Land did dwell,
Thou has seen what e'er it befall,
And yet thou ne'r did see,

(3)

Such unexampled Acts of Royal or of Husband Pietie.
If all the Circumstances weigh'd shall be,
A King who hath oft times beheld,
Death rapidly march o're the mangled goary Field;
Who hath view'd Death, in all its disfigured Shapes;
Lye swelled up in grovelling heaps,
Who hath by artificial Thunder Bolts been brush'd
Whilst wooing Victory, he the Battell forward push'd,
A King accustomed to brave and play with Death;
But when the Queen resignes her sacred Breath,
His Manly Heart first yields, and then disdains relief,
And he's found only conquerable, by wedlock-Love and Grief.

(7)

In solid Vertue she did so abound,
That whatsoe're in her was found,
Deserv'd with praise, and Glory to be Crown'd. }
This was the Cause why he }
O'rcome by powerful Sympathie, }
Kindly breath'd out his Soul, her's homeward to accompany,
Thus for a Righteous One, though he could peradventure dy;
Yet Heavens all provident and watchful Eye,
Conducts him to this Life again,
The Worlds Exorbitancies to restrain,
And save't from Thraledom: Since he was become
The great Defender of the Rights, and Faith of Christendom.

(8)

Though it be *Europes* Gain and Glory that he lives,
Amidst these Joyes thou justly grieves,
That her majestick Presence hath so quickly disappear'd,
That she hath from thy Fluctuating Lands retir'd;
That now thy Diadems are not Illustrat by her Rayes,
And while he doth thy daring Brow adorn with Bayes,
That she no more thy well fram'd Sceptre mildly Swayes,
And Just and Right, she in her stable Ballance no more weighs.

As antiently the Earth did mourn,
 When fair *Astræa* last did to the Heavens return,
 So now all Nations in thy Grief do bear a part,
 As if Mankind had lost his Heart.
 Th' Universe acknowledging her Worth, doth mourn her Fate,
 And in this *Only* is Confederate.
 But if her Vertues imitate could be,
 The disagreeing World would in *all things* agree,
 And Earth transform'd to Heaven, Mankind should quickly see,

If ever thou was Blest in Song,
 Thou who 'rt indued with a threefold Tongue,
 It chiefly unto thee now does belong,
 To Celebrate her Name;
 Her Vertues in lamenting Accents to proclaime.
 And her Immortal Praises to rehearse,
 If for that there can be Proportion found in Verse.

IN the beginning GOD created Heaven and Earth,
 And by's Almighty Word,
 To all things breath and Being did afford,
 In the beginning She from Kings did draw Her Birth,
 From Kings, whose Right and Tye of Father-hood,
 Engag'd Them to promote their People, or their Childrens good,
 Who alwayes govern'd Men, and Royal Ensignes wore;
 May their Posterity sway Sceptres evermore.
 Her Ancestours my rude Unpolich'd Lands did Civilize,
 As GOD from nothing, or from Chaos, did this Earth produce,
 They unto me a never dying Glory gain'd.
 In my defence no Foreign Power could them withstand,
 And by their Valour only, I, unconquered still remain'd.

*Pride quickly hence retire,
 Upon the Earth no more appear,
 Let none of Underling Genealogies more boastings bear,
 Since that so great a QUEEN
 Adorn'd with sovereign Beauty, and a so Majestick Meen,
 And of a so Heroick, Antient, Matchless Orgin,
 Practic'd humility with a Conquering influence,
 O're all who are endued with sense,
 And with such Faith as Hers, hope for a God-like recompense.
 She like a Saint, was Humble, Meek and Good,
 Cause like an Angel, she, her native value understood.*

*That Great and Happy Emperour,
 Was not so pleased with his High and Mighty Power
 Which he obtain'd as far as Roman Eagles flew
 And O're the Roman Eagles too:
 As he was Charmed with a Name of Tendernefs,
 Which his Love to his People, elegantly did express.
 What Titles of that kind did she deserve?
 She did Esteem't a Royal Work the Poor to serve.
 The Poor were Her peculiar Care,
 In her true Christian Bounties they did largely share.
 And to her Subjects she an universal Love did bear,
 For they in her th' Affection of a Mother alwayes saw,
 The Peoples Safetie, was to her a Sovereign Law.
 Her People were her Children, and of them such care she had,
 As if they on her Breasts were bred;
 For by good Princes, 'twixt these names, distinctions ne're were made*

*Let Charity now draw near,
 Divine Charity which doth all things bear,
 How fair a Coppy of it did She give,
 Only to help and be benevolent, she seem'd to Live;*

(6)

And so from her example; It should be Cherish'd alwayes here.
Like to an Innocent Child, it's free from guile,
And like on it doth sweetly smile,
How well would it become my Gentle Ile?
It is a Sovereign and Eternal Grace,
The most and all Comforting Blessing of Mans Race
And only can procure a Heaven-like Universal Peace:
from all unseemly thing it's free,
In anger it can scarcely be,
And it never seeks its own,
For others good all things by it are done.
It neither does, nor speaks, nor thinketh ill;
It seeth far and fair, and fudgeth well.
In it doth all and every vertue eminent by dwell.
These are its lineaments: And it hardly can be known,
Whether it's God-like Picture, or hers, I have drawn.

(15)

What greater happiness can arrive?
Or what more Noble Blessing can GOD give?
And Man in this inferior state receive
Than Kings: whose prudence doth discern,
That it's their proper, and their main concern,
Their people wisely to govern,
And by a great example to instruct,
How Subjects should themselves conduct?
This doth exalt a Throne,
And brings true lustre to a Crown,
And this by her was eminently done.
With the Devotion of a Saint she alwayes Pray'd
With all the affection of a Wife, Her Husband she obeyed,
And only for her peoples need and good the Sceptre sway'd.

(16)

Hath Mankind Eyes?
And can he still be lull'd asleep with Vanities?

(7)

And can be any Earthly low-born Comfarts prize !

They are but Toyes,

and perish while he them enjoys,

Or rather while for them himself he hurries and annoyes.

Religion only's mans Chief Happiness,

And only doth him conduct to rest and Bless,

And makes him over servile Brute enjoy advantages.

Can man be Wise ?

And yet his truest Honour still despise ?

No, no, it cannot be;

Religion only bringeth Honour and tranquillitie,

And this is that which she did wisely see,

And did allure her to observe the Rules of pietie,

Which she did practice in an high and eminent degree.

Her pure Religion was the source and Spring

Of all that I to her deserved praise can sing.

(17)

No Man can pray too much to Heaven,

And too much Homage to Good Kings can ne're be given,

But if I, Her Praise to sing

Should in detail her Vertues bring,

This Poem to a Volum would amount,

Which yet would be Inferior to the true Account.

And now while I more nearly think upon her Death,

My Tears begin to threat my Breath.

As far as Cyphers are in worth inferior unto Gold,

Or Unites to the greatest Numbers can be told,

As far as words come short of things,

Or Subjects are inferior unto Kings,

So far doth all which to her Praise hath been

Or writ, or said, come short of this Incomparable QUEEN.

F I N I S.

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